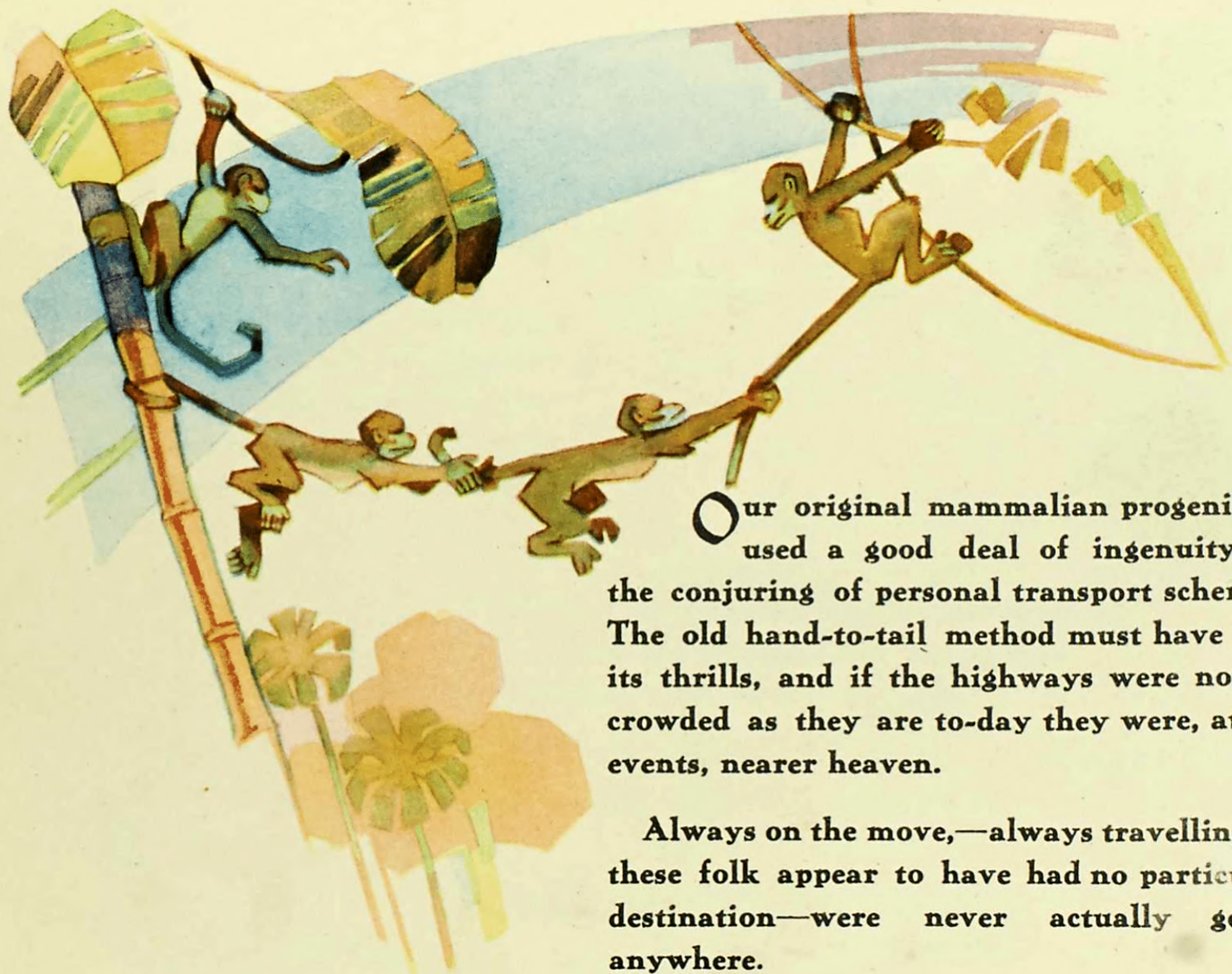


TRAVELLING ?

NO — GOING
SOMEWHERE!



An illustration showing four monkeys in a line, traveling along a thick, brown vine. The monkey at the top left is hanging by its tail from a large, green and yellow striped leaf. The second monkey is hanging from the tail of the first. The third monkey is hanging from the tail of the second. The fourth monkey is hanging from the tail of the third. The vine is set against a background of a blue sky and a yellow ground with green plants. The monkeys are depicted in a stylized, cartoonish manner with brown bodies and light-colored faces.

Our original mammalian progenitors used a good deal of ingenuity in the conjuring of personal transport schemes. The old hand-to-tail method must have had its thrills, and if the highways were not so crowded as they are to-day they were, at all events, nearer heaven.

Always on the move,—always travelling,—these folk appear to have had no particular destination—were never actually going anywhere.

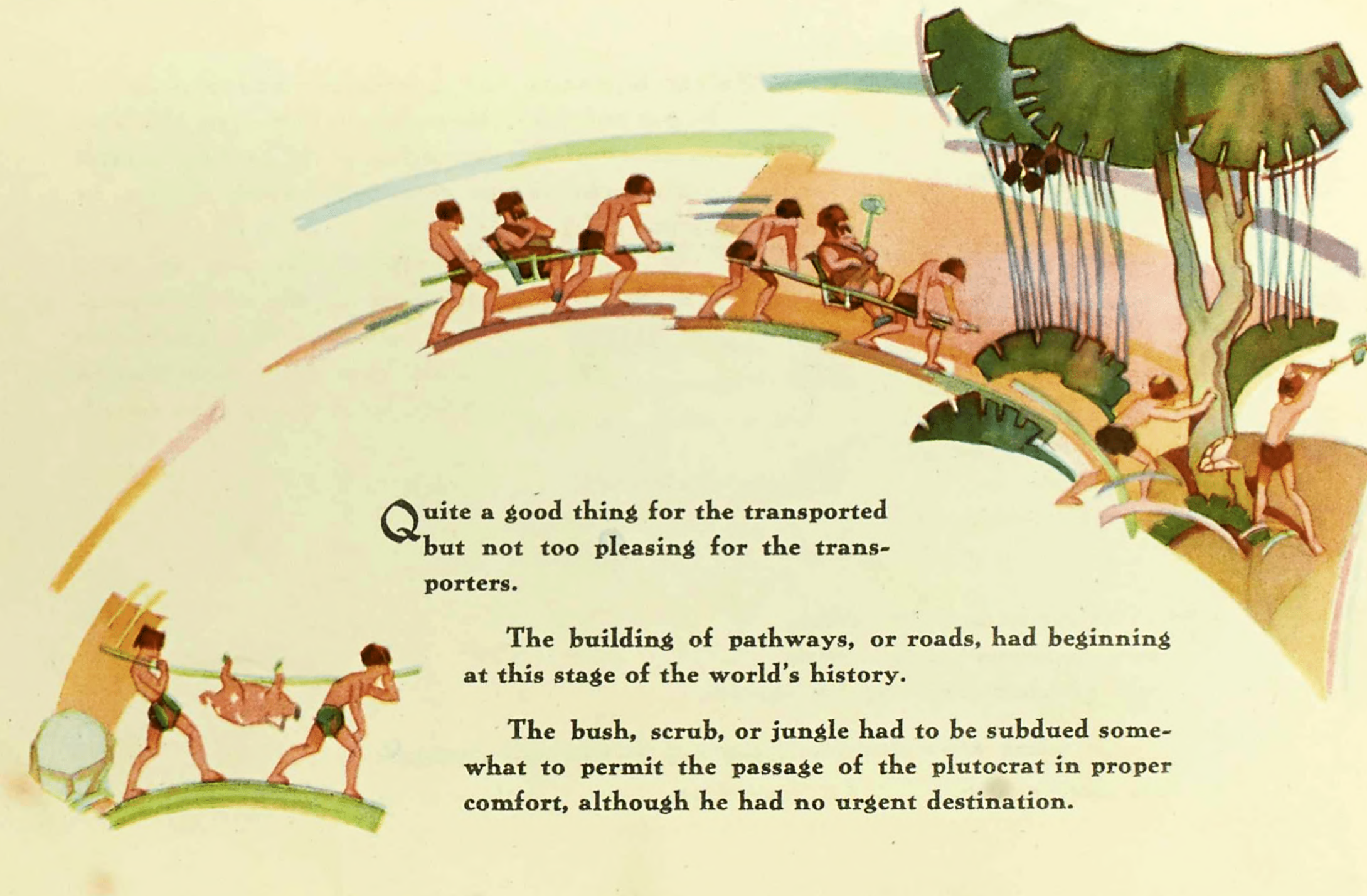
A small illustration of a monkey sitting on the ground, facing right. The monkey is brown with a light-colored face. It is surrounded by some stylized green plants and a yellow background.

Infant humanity had a very elevated outlook on life, but unfortunately could not long enjoy the same elevation. Self preservation, or the need for greater nourishment, seldom permitted lengthy sojourn in any one place.

Transport was not an easy business for the adult population, although the youngsters must have been quite excited when moving day came round.

A moving day, but no new address—
just travelling.

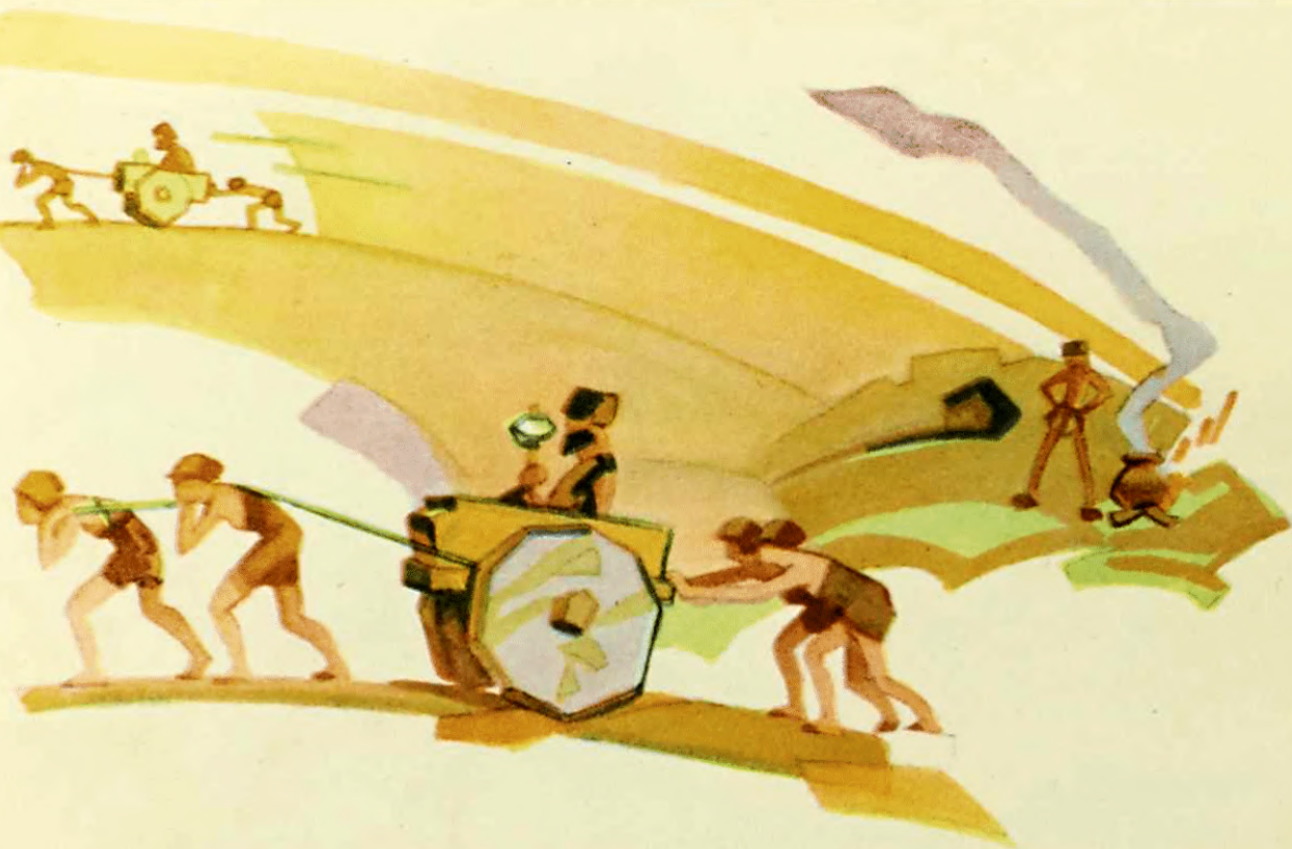




Quite a good thing for the transported
but not too pleasing for the trans-
porters.

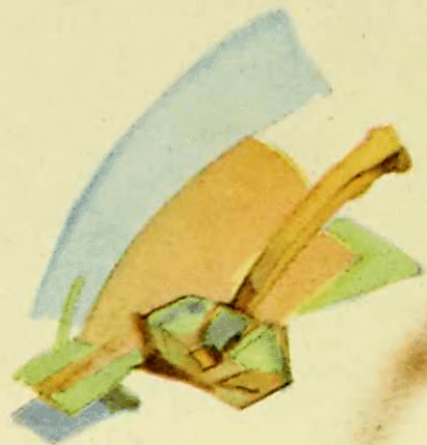
The building of pathways, or roads, had beginning
at this stage of the world's history.

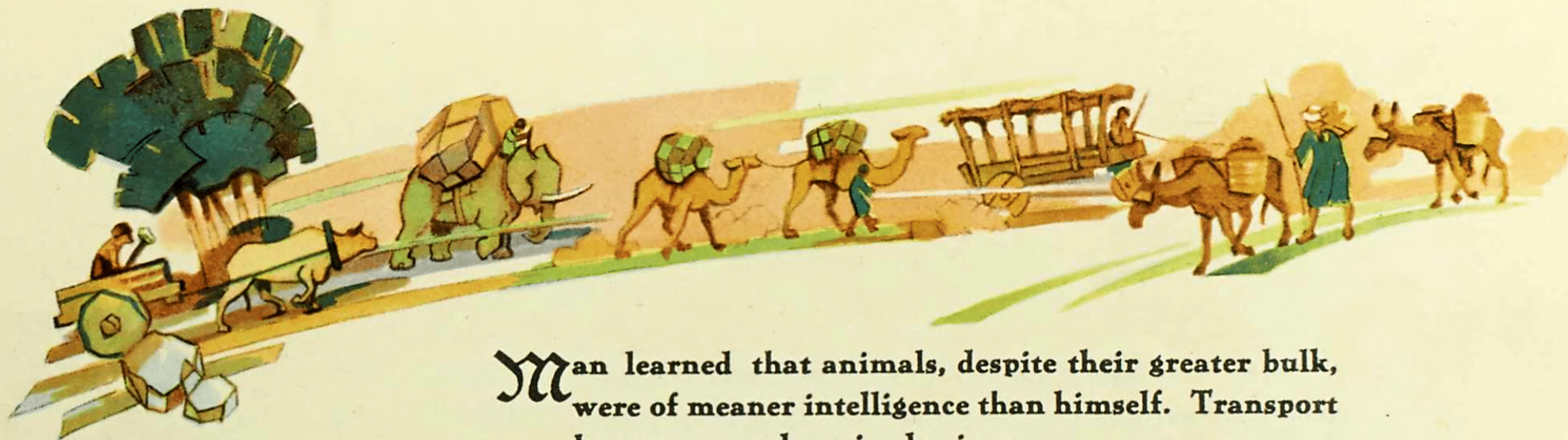
The bush, scrub, or jungle had to be subdued some-
what to permit the passage of the plutocrat in proper
comfort, although he had no urgent destination.



With an eye to easier travelling,
man fashioned stone wheels
and attached them to his chariot.

It seems more than likely that the women-folk provided
the motive power.





Man learned that animals, despite their greater bulk, were of meaner intelligence than himself. Transport became a much easier business.

Travelling now implied movement over greater distances, and the tracks of successive travellers eased the trail for those who followed.

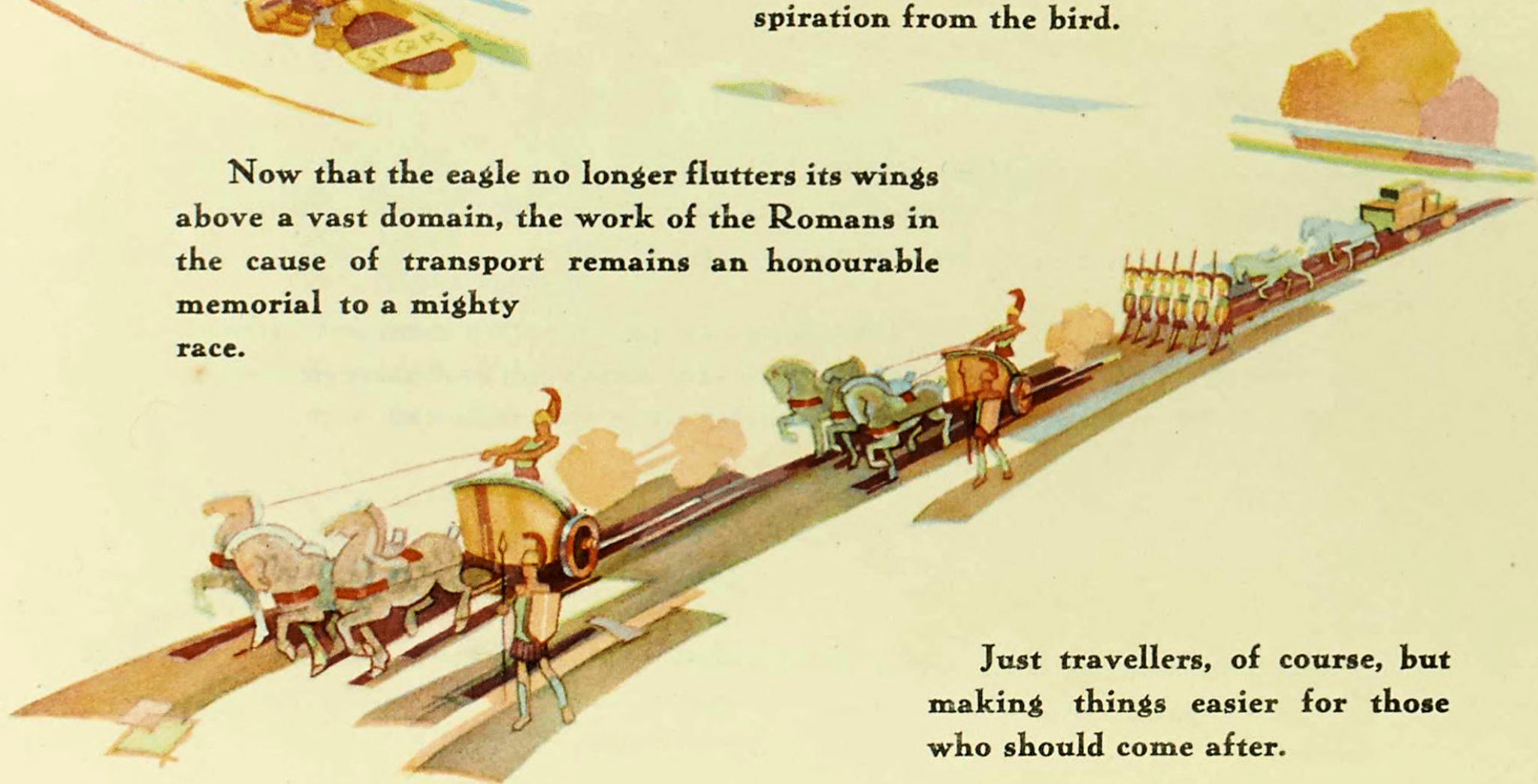
Modern civilization still moves along some of the winding pathways formed at this period.





The Roman Eagle must have been a straight flyer if Rome's engineers gained their inspiration from the bird.

Now that the eagle no longer flutters its wings above a vast domain, the work of the Romans in the cause of transport remains an honourable memorial to a mighty race.

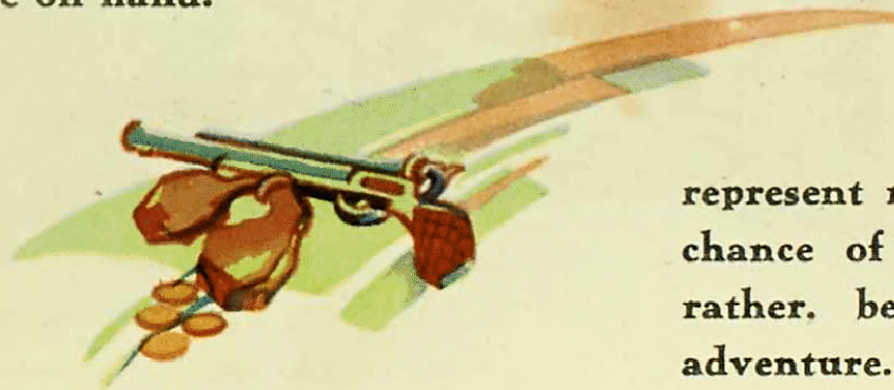


Just travellers, of course, but making things easier for those who should come after.



There is a wealth of romance associated with the stage-coach days, but there cannot have been a great deal of comfort nor security for the old-time wayfarer.

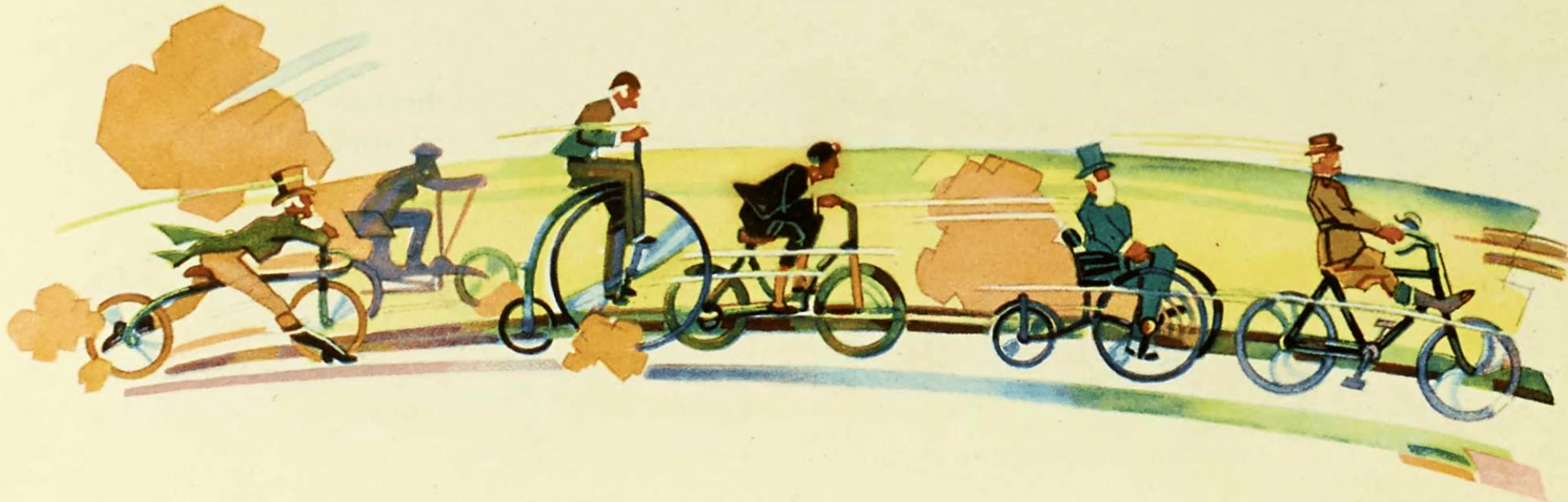
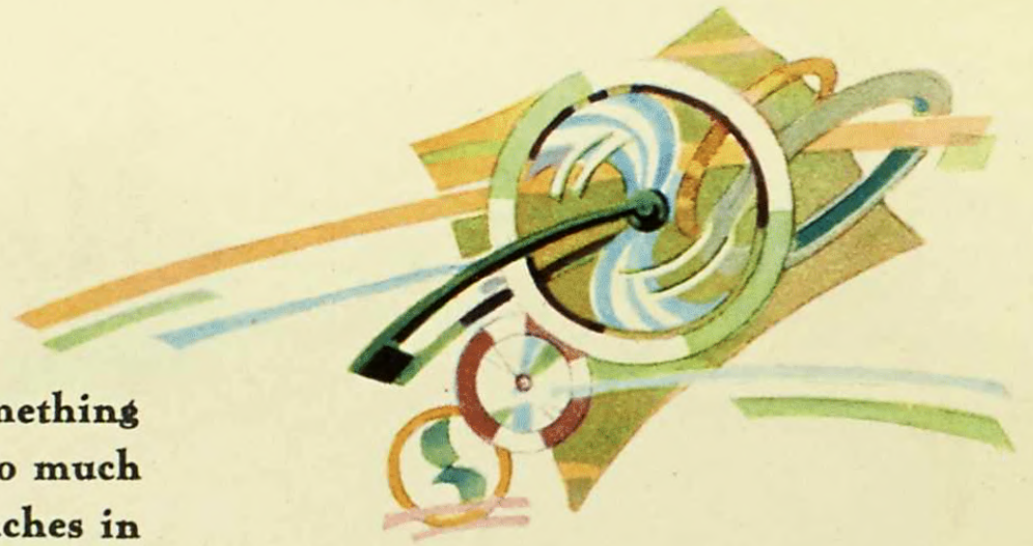
Very nice, of course, in good weather, under blue skies and through a green countryside, sure of a decent change at every stage, and with ample time on hand.



The possibility of a hold-up would represent no terror to the hardy ones, but a chance of adventure, additional excitement rather. because travelling in itself spelled adventure.

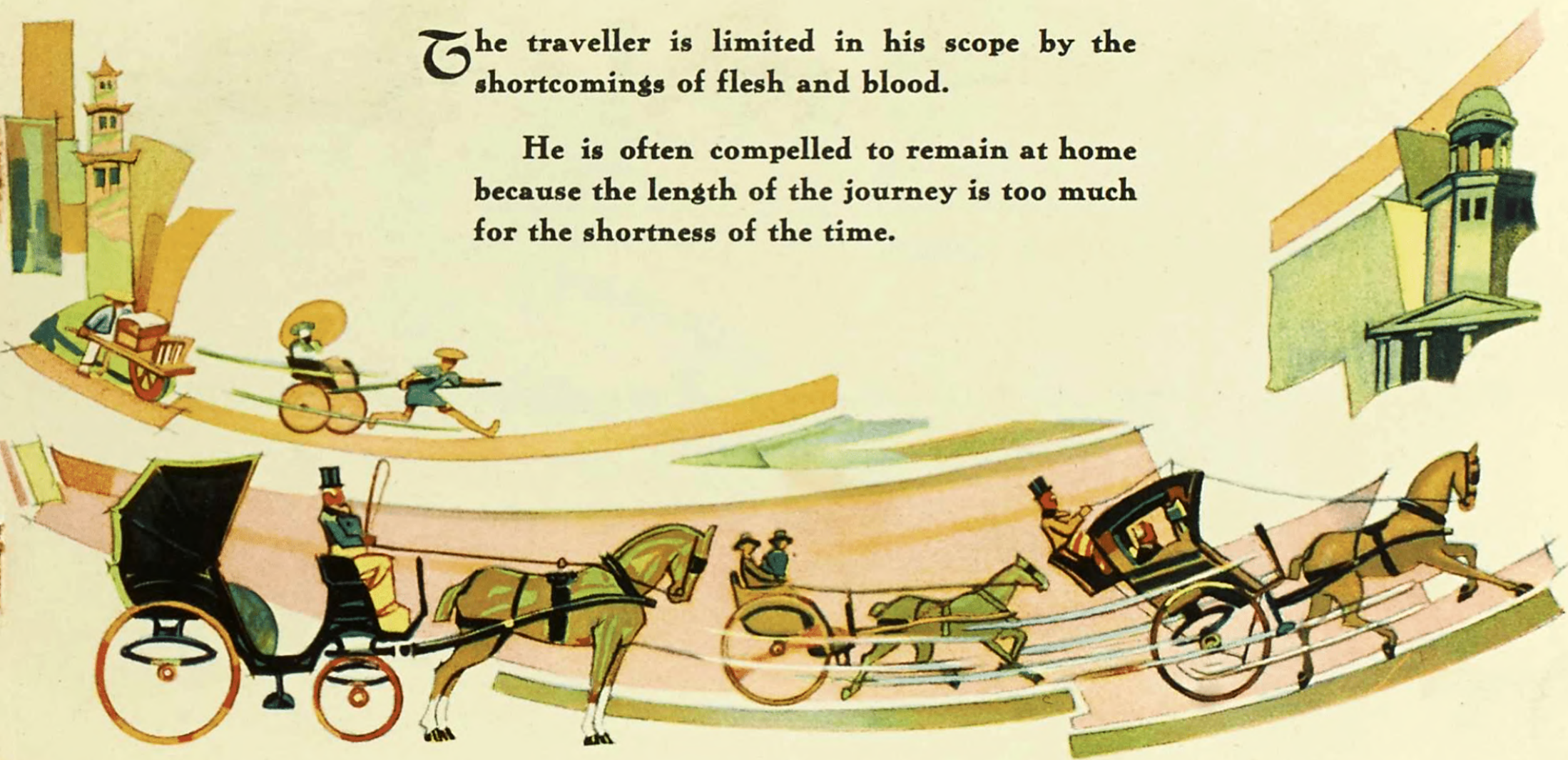
Wheels! Wheels! Wheels!

The bicycle is a useful agent,
but there is a dim sort of yearning for something
of the same sort that shall not require so much
exertion, and will not entail so many aches in
the vicinity of the knees.



The traveller is limited in his scope by the shortcomings of flesh and blood.

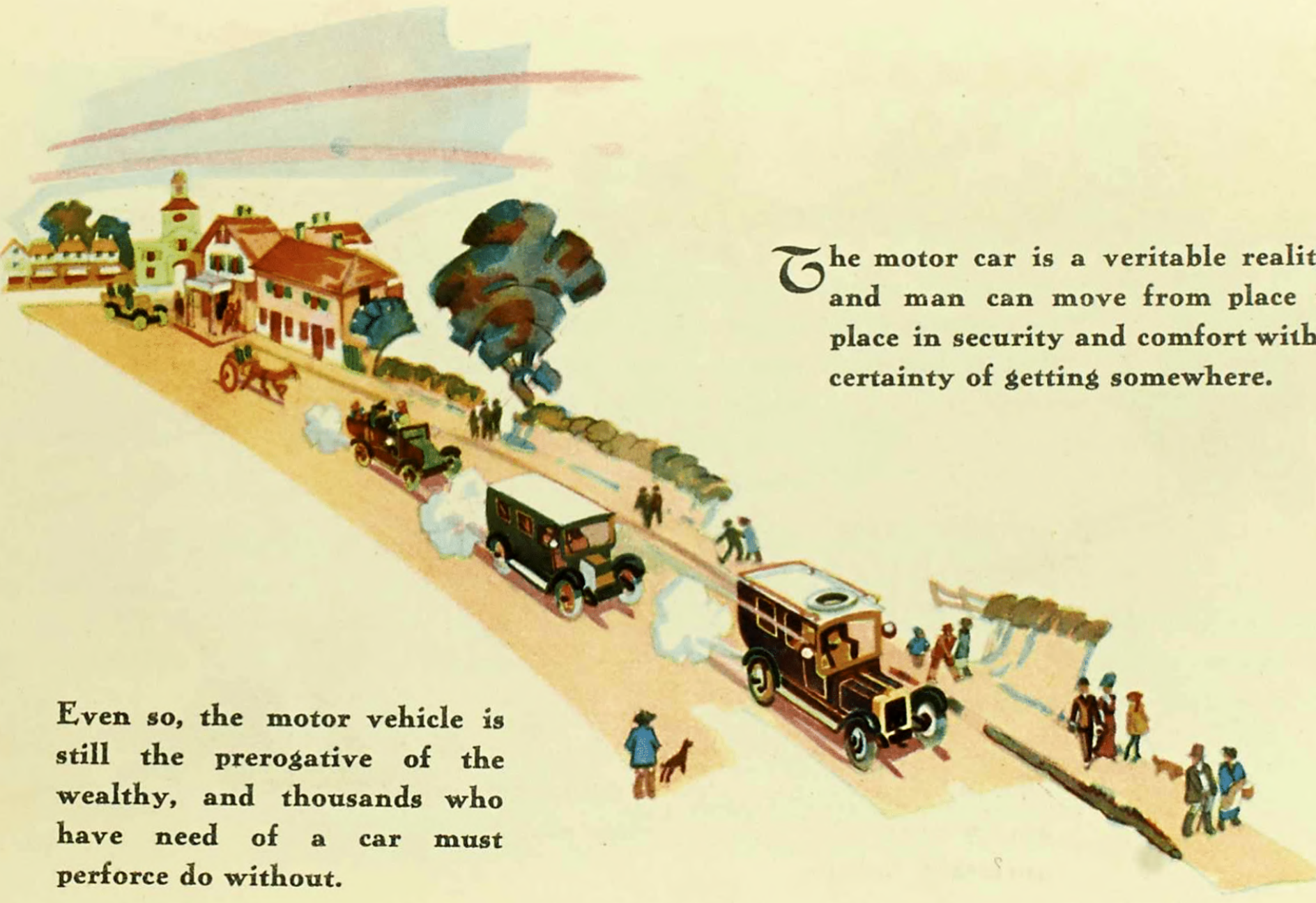
He is often compelled to remain at home because the length of the journey is too much for the shortness of the time.





Enters the inventor, harnessing an engine to the wheels of travel. About ninety-five per cent. of the population deride the new form of conveyance, but—bit by bit—a comparatively reliable motor car emerges.

The early motorist has a very bad time, not merely because of his car's mechanical defects, but because the scoffers sit on him in no uncertain fashion.



The motor car is a veritable reality,
and man can move from place to
place in security and comfort with a
certainty of getting somewhere.

Even so, the motor vehicle is
still the prerogative of the
wealthy, and thousands who
have need of a car must
perforce do without.



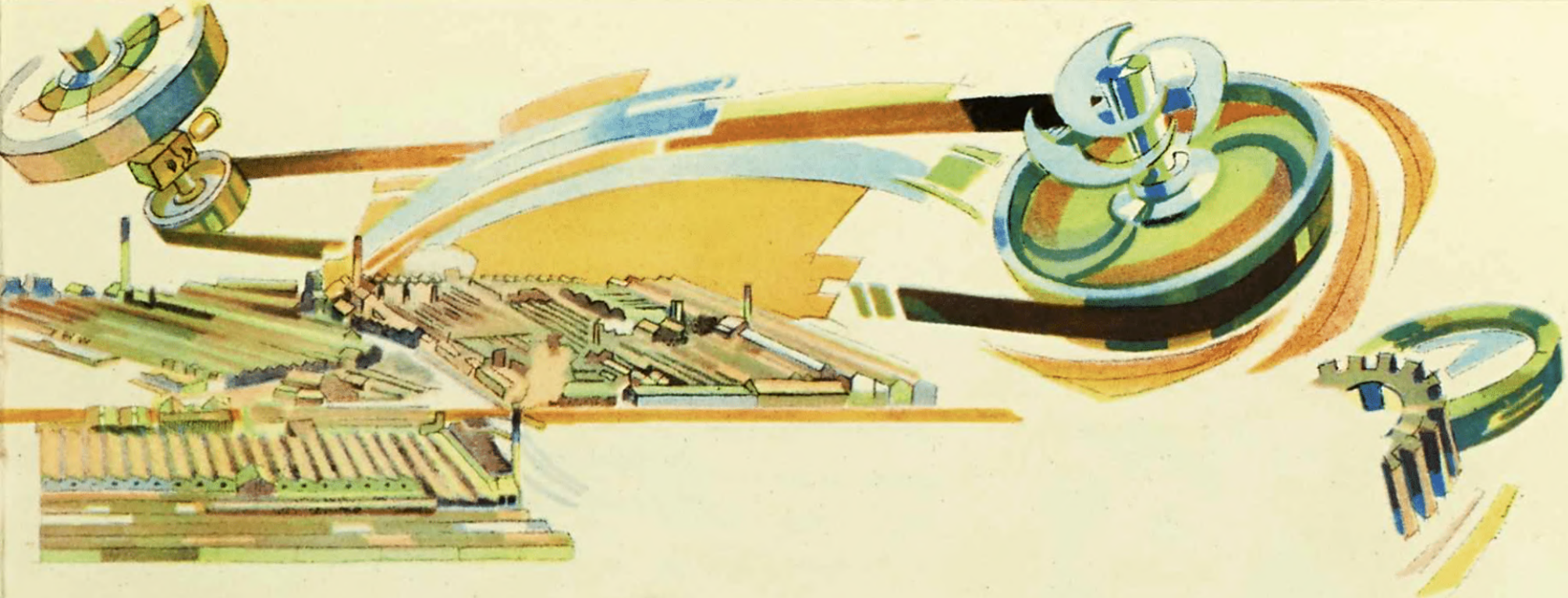
Came a day when a man who had already proved himself to be a master mind in the engineering world, bethought him that at last there was a chance to put the whole world on wheels—on mechanically propelled wheels to.



This man had learned—in a hard school—that one of the greatest enemies against which his fellows had to contend was that of distance, with its satellites—loneliness and isolation.

Said he, “everybody should be able to travel, and travel with an absolute certainty of getting somewhere,” and he schemed to such good purpose in the drawing office and experimental shops that





before very long wheels began to hum to good purpose, and a British factory commenced to give to the world cars which almost everybody could afford to buy, and which—still more to the point—everybody could afford to operate.

There was nothing cheap about them, however, except price and maintenance, for they embodied the very finest materials that the world could provide, faithfully wrought and finished by the hands of skilled craftsmen.





The world jumped to it. It knew its own need only too well, and recognised in the *Austin Seven* the solution of many difficulties.

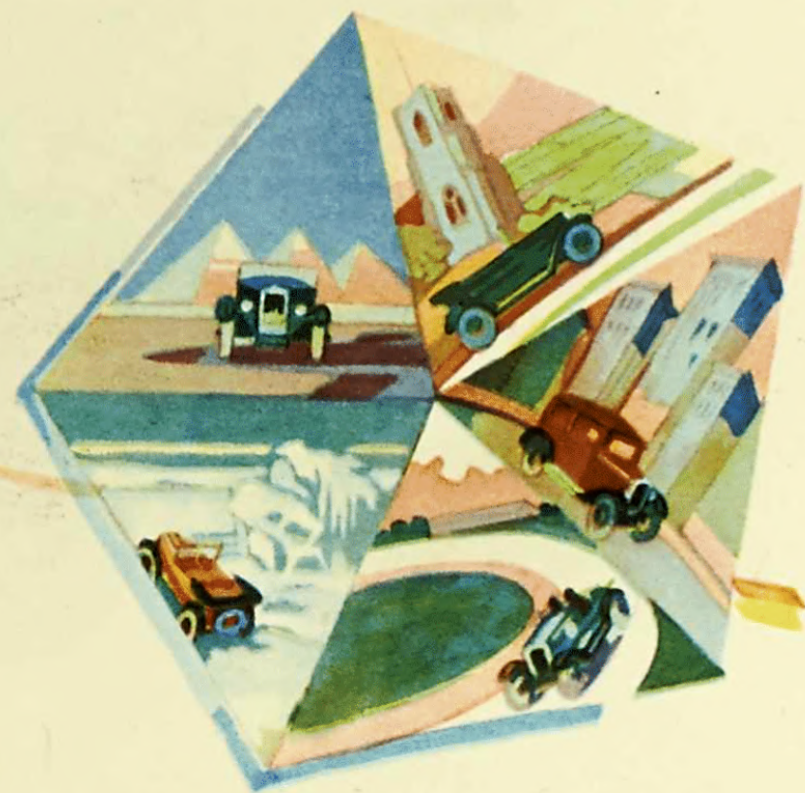
The factory could not turn the cars out fast enough, and the show rooms of Agents and Distributors were besieged by prospective purchasers.



The *Austin Seven* proved by performance that it was all its inventor had meant it to be, and that it could accomplish everything its purchasers demanded of it.

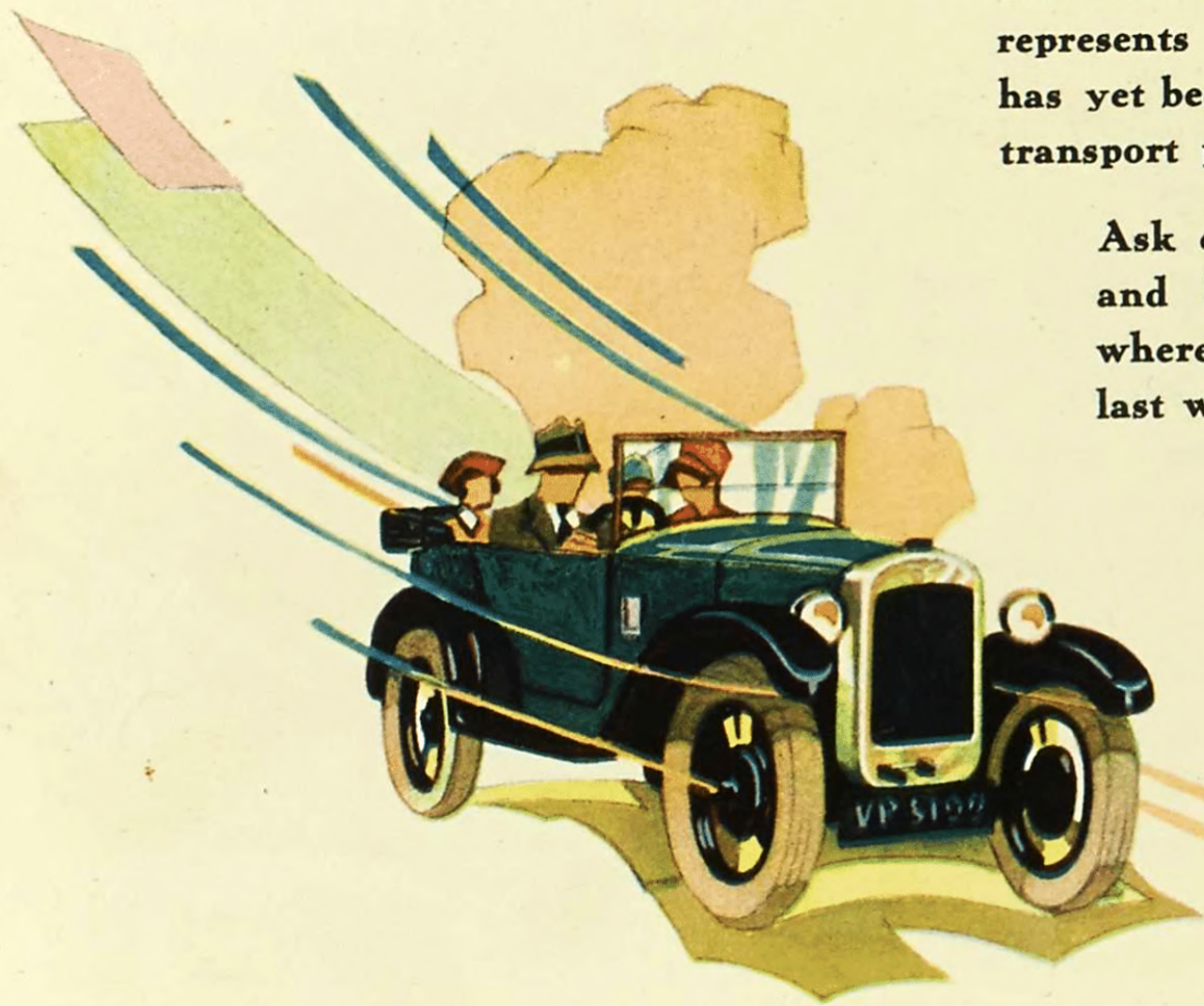
It was tested and tried under every conceivable condition, went to every part of the world, climbed Table Mountain,

blazed trails through the trackless bush, and was used upon Arctic exploration. People in every sphere of life were able to make use of the *Seven*, and very few years saw well over one hundred thousand of the tiny cars upon the road.



The *Austin Seven* has brought health, happiness and contentment into thousands of homes. It represents the most valuable contribution that has yet been made to the solution of the age-old transport problem.

Ask of the *Seven* owner—"travelling?"—and he will answer—"No—going somewhere." He has availed himself of the very last word in economical transport facilities, and has gleefully discovered that there is an essential difference between going somewhere in an *Austin Seven* and travelling by other means.





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